

LAST EDITION

IT'S LAW, BUT IS IT JUSTICE?

Murderer Jackson Permitted to Dodge the Penalty of His Crime.

Twenty Years for Manslaughter the Limit of His Possible Punishment.

Universal surprise is expressed at the escape from full justice of the brutal murderer, Charles Jackson, or Buchanan, whose plea of guilty of manslaughter in the first degree has been accepted by the District Attorney and Judge Martine, thus softening the penalty for the crime from death in the electric chair to an extreme limit of twenty years imprisonment.

"If the killing of Mamie Murphy was not a murder calling for the death penalty," it is asked, "what crime is deserving of it?"

On the night of April 21st, in the saloon kept by Chris Johnson, at Sixth avenue and Ninth street, Mamie Murphy, who had visited the saloon with a party of male and female companions, was stabbed to death by Charles Jackson, or Buchanan, a lover whom she had killed.

The motive of the crime was jealousy. Jackson, as he was then known, entered the saloon and saw the woman making merry with her friends, one of whom was Policeman Seftor, at that time off duty and in citizen's dress.

Jackson spoke to Mamie, and after a few minutes induced her to go over to the corner of the room, as he said he had something particular to speak to her about.

He had no sooner taken her out of the circle of her companions than he drew a big cleaver from his pocket, and grasping her on the back, pulled her head back and began slashing her savagely across the neck.

The police officers brought Policeman Seftor to his feet, and he covered Jackson with his revolver. Mamie, however, as soon as she saw the policeman draw his weapon, flung herself upon him and held him fast until the murderer had made his escape through the side door.

She lived only a few minutes afterwards. Jackson eluded the police for a long time after the crime was committed, but was finally captured in a little town in Michigan, where he had obtained a position in a printing office, for he was a compositor by trade.

He was brought back to New York and indicted for murder in the first degree.

He was arraigned in the Court of General Sessions before Judge Martine yesterday on the charge upon which he was indicted, and he had obtained a position in a printing office, for he was a compositor by trade.

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MARY'S NAME IS MRS. SHIELDS

Defense of Ehrlich's Mysterious Shopper Outlined in the Tombs Court.

She Says She Is an Heiress and a Victim of Circumstances.

The mystery of "Mary Williams" was given just a little deeper hue in the Tombs Police Court this morning. The young woman herself, still imperceptibly calm and whimsically cheerful, listened with puckered lips to the sworn testimony of S. M. Ehrlich, Salesman Spoorberg, Coupe-Drive Bandfield, and the pretty, dark-eyed saleswoman, Mrs. Grey, relating how she so cleverly obtained \$300 worth of fine dry goods from the sixth avenue store on the credit of Mrs. M. Shields, of 50 East Fifty-seventh street, and how she so bunglingly ran into a trap set to catch her.

Lawyer Allen Hummel, his bald pate and sharp-cut face expressing mystery in every line, cross-examined the witnesses, and at the close demanded the discharge of the mysterious woman on the ground that, though the complainants had proved that she had represented herself to be Mrs. Shields, they had not proven that she was not Mrs. Shields.

Justice White looked at the complainants, and they recalled that Lawyer Allen, who appeared for the mysterious woman yesterday, had assured them that no defense would be put forward by her. They had seen Mrs. M. Shields present a witness today.

"Well, I'll stand by anything that Mr. Allen may have said," retorted Mr. Hummel, "but I'll show you, if you bring Mrs. M. Shields here, that she will not dare deny that this young woman is Mrs. Shields, and that she, Mrs. M. Shields, knew it."

The examination was adjourned till Monday afternoon. "Mary Williams" nodded pleasantly to the reporters and her blue eyes twinkled merrily behind her veil.

Mrs. Hummel announced that he didn't believe Mrs. M. Shields would come to court at all Monday, but that if she did he'd be glad to have her explain on that occasion.

"THE EVENING WORLD" reporter asked if there was any connection between the case and the case of a man named Shields, whose death some years ago revealed that he had been living in New York and a Catholic wife and family in Brooklyn, neither family circle knowing aught of the other.

Mr. Hummel looked wise again and declared that if the newspapers said anything about his client's case, it would be all the fault of the Modas.

"THE EVENING WORLD" said that "Mary Williams" said that her first name was not Mary, but her last name was Williams; that her father was a well-known novelist of the south, and that she was brought up in New Orleans.

She had an income of \$5,000 a year from property that she inherited from her mother, who has been dead many years. Her income is payable every six months. She had been in New York for some time, stopping at Savannah on her way to New York. Since my arrival here I have been stopping with friends in West Fifty-third street.

I visited the store of Arnold & Combs, which is in the same building. I saw several packages, and she directed that they be sent to her and delivered to Mr. Mary M. Shields, 50 East Fifty-seventh street.

The charming Southern said that the idea had struck her that she might open an account at Mrs. Shields' and she did so at Ehrlich's, but she did not know that the goods were sent to her. She expected to settle her bill there as soon as her father returned.

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MR. HAWKINS HAS VANISHED.

Mysterious Disappearance of an Aged and Wealthy Brooklyn Man.

He Started for New York Thursday Morning and Has Not Been Seen Since.

James L. Hawkins, aged seventy years, of 150 Hart street, Brooklyn, was reported to the police to-day as having been missing from his home since Thursday morning.

When he left his home he was on his way to visit Lawyer William Low, brother of ex-Mayor Seth Low, whose office is at 108 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Hawkins had in his possession between \$500 and \$1,000, a handsome gold watch and chain and a fine gold-headed cane, on which was engraved "Old Hawkins, 149 Hart street."

He was formerly a well-known butcher in the old Spring Street market, but retired about fifteen years ago with property valued at \$12,000, \$500,000 and \$300,000.

His wife is living, and he has five children all well-established in business.

His only daughter, Susan, is the wife of James W. Phelps, and lives at 150 Greene avenue.

Mr. Hawkins's relatives fear that he has been taken ill, and have visited all the hospitals, police stations and the morgue, but without getting any trace of the old man.

Mr. Hawkins was tall and well built and dressed with a firm step. His hair and mustache were of dark iron gray.

Wednesday he visited his daughter, and then he was seen by a friend who recovered and went home.

About a year ago he had a severe attack of heart trouble, and it was thought he would die, but he recovered and has been in the best of health ever since.

The description of the case to the Brooklyn police and then started for New York, to visit Inspector Byrnes, to enlist his efforts to find her father.

The description furnished the police is as follows: Height, 5 feet 10 inches; 140 pounds; iron-gray hair and mustache. When last seen he was dressed in a dark suit of clothes, dark blue chinchilla overcoat and high silk hat.

Mr. Hawkins had called on an EVENING WORLD reporter that Mr. Hawkins had called on him at 11 o'clock on Thursday morning in reference to a judgment which had been rendered against him in favor of one Charles Fawcett, who was a partner in a business.

The old man appeared to be in cheerful spirits and went away promising to call the following day. Mr. Low is of the opinion that some accident has befallen Hawkins.

Stolen from the Teacher's Desk.

Miss M. E. Jurg, a teacher in Grammar School No. 58, Lenox avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, reports that her desk in the school-room was rifled between the closing hours Thursday night and the opening Wednesday morning.

Among other things stolen was a package of 125 tickets to the Teachers' Bazaar, valued at \$1 each, entrusted to her for sale. The desk was locked and supposed to have been opened with a duplicate key.

The Senate Cities Committee Will Resume Its Probing.

It was announced at the office of William M. Ivins this morning that the Senate Committee on Cities will resume its investigation into the municipal administration of the metropolis on Wednesday or Thursday of next week.

The sessions will be held in the County Court House, and the investigation of the Fire Department, which was progressing before selection, will be resumed.

THE SUNDAY WORLD

Will Be a SANTA CLAUS NUMBER, Filled with Charming Features.

CONSUMPTION IS CURABLE.

First Complete Popular Description of Dr. Koch's Wonderful Treatment Fully Illustrated.

A WEEK AS A WAITER.

A "World" Reporter Dons the Apron and Studies Men as They Eat.

A WOMAN'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

COULD NOT SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

Doctors Cut Its Throat and Took Out the Peanut.

But the Little One Was Too Weak to Withstand the Shock.

Death this morning ended the suffering of fifteen-month-old Jeanie Bernstein, the pretty baby of Mrs. Augusta Bernstein, of 181 Orchard street, who yesterday swallowed a peanut, snail and all, with which it had been playing.

As related in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, the mother, after applying the usual remedies, finally failed to remove the obstruction in Jeanie's little throat, took the child to Bellevue Hospital.

The baby was gasping and sputtering, and instead of the rosy color in the cheeks there were bluish spots such as are caused by choking or strangulation. The delicate little features were distorted by pain.

Dr. Brooke, of the Fourth Surgical Ward, told the frightened mother that the only chance of saving the child's life was by cutting open her windpipe to take out the obstacle that prevented its free breathing.

He called in Dr. Wood to assist and together they performed the operation.

The child was nearly dead from suffocation when arrived, and the effect of the surgical operation was too trying for its weakened constitution.

It grew gradually weaker and weaker, and died in the arms of the grief-stricken mother, who watched with the tenderest care for a hopeful sign in the wan, pale face of her loved one.

But it never rallied nor regained consciousness.

A tragic scene followed. Mrs. Bernstein threw herself across the body of the dead baby and remained motionless until the attendants thought she, too, was dead.

She sat by the body for an hour, without speaking or showing any signs of emotion. Tears, however, freely relieved her great grief, and then she was so overcome that she swooned.

FASSETT AND IVINS NEXT WEEK.

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THE SLAVIN-CORBETT MATCH.

Slavin Accepts the California Athletic Club's Offer.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—Frank J. Slavin called at the office of the Dalziel Cable News Agency to-day to say that he had only received the acceptance of his conditions with regard to the Corbett fight from the New Orleans Club last night.

In his opinion he had accepted an offer from the California Athletic Club, through Thompson, to fight Corbett for \$25,000, with a side bet of \$500.

In any event he could not leave England in time to fight in February, but would be in California in March.

Judging from Slavin's conversation he seems to prefer to go to California, both on account of the larger amount of money involved and on account of the mild climate.

KITTIE'S LIFE TOO LONELY.

She Left a Note for Her Old Father and Drowned Herself.

Her Body Found in the Clatsen Back of the House.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) ROSLYN, L. I., Dec. 12.—The little cottage of Luke Connors, two miles from this village, in the scene of deepest gloom to-day, over the deliberate but inexplicable suicide of Kittie, the pretty and dutiful daughter of the aged cottager.

Luke Connors is sixty years old, but is still active and industrious. He is foreman of the Elias Albertson estate's farm hands. He has occupied the little cottage since last April, when he removed there from this village.

Kittie, his daughter, was a little over twenty years old, of medium build and good nature, but was slightly lame from a hip difficulty which has attended her since her infancy.

She had dark brown hair and dark blue eyes, but despite her personal attractions she cared nothing for the society of young men and preferred rather to live with her old father and act as his housekeeper, her mother having died sixteen years ago.

Kittie's disposition, however, was naturally cheerful and lively, and she was free in confessing that her new home did not suit her, as it was one quarter of a mile from any other house and she could not help feeling lonely and homesick.

Thursday night, as was her custom, she sat chatting in the dining-room with her father. About 8.30 o'clock Luke said:

"Well, Kittie girl, it's getting late. Hadn't you better go to bed?"

"No, not quite yet, I guess, father," cheerily replied the daughter.

The old man went upstairs to bed, leaving Kittie at her sewing. Half an hour later she called up to him asking him if he was yet in bed, and requesting him to leave out some clothing for her as she intended to wash in the morning.

That was the last the old man ever saw or heard of Kittie until yesterday afternoon when he saw two farm hands carrying her dripping. When he saw her he was so surprised that he left her apparently unconscious on the steps before.

When the old man came down stairs yesterday morning he was surprised at not finding Kittie in the kitchen. She was not in the house either, and he could not find her on the premises.

An hour or two passed and he became alarmed and started for the village thinking possibly her aunt, Mrs. Madigan, might have seen her.

Mrs. Madigan had not. Neither had Mary, Kittie's sister who worked out at Westbury, where the old man next happened.

All were now thoroughly alarmed and went to Father Jordan, the village priest, who first started a careful search for the missing girl. This was proceeded with, and to Mrs. Madigan fell the sorrowful task of discovering Kittie's dead body in the ten-foot eastern back of the house, lying in three and half feet of water.

The body was at once taken out and Dr. Bogert summoned, but he pronounced her dead. A coroner's inquest was held at the residence of Coroner Schenck, who will hold an inquest to-day.

Further search in the house revealed a note on the dining-room table, which read:

"Father, forgive my disobedient daughter, Katie, and learn to forget her."

This clearly showed suicide, but the motive is yet a mystery. The girl had no lover or intimate acquaintance and her father was a very poor and uneducated man. She was very pious and attended Father Jordan's Church regularly.

The only assigned cause for her deed is melancholia, brought on by her being obliged to live in such a lonely, out-of-the-way place. A younger brother and her sister Mary are all the children left the father. Mary much resembles Kittie, both in looks and disposition. She is terribly affected over her sister's death, and her friends are carefully watching her lest she do some harm to herself.

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SHE WILL MARRY A MARQUIS.

The Engagement of Miss Marcollette Garner to a Titled European.

A PEEP INTO SANTA CLAUS'S WORKSHOP.

SUGGIEVIES THE SPARROWS. ARE THE BONES KNITTING?

He Cannot Eat as Much as the Little Birds.

Two little sparrows alighted this morning on the coping of Slavin's window and carolled forth a rippling melody of blithe-ness.

The faster heard their twappings and it made him write uneasily in his coach. He had naught against the innocent chirrupers, but their happy-go-lucky, go-as-you-please existence worried him somewhat.

"Think of it, I cannot eat so much as these little birds. Not for seven days more."

Suec was surely cross on this his thirty-eighth day of agony—for agony it is setting to be with him. Last night he didn't feel well. Fred Starr, his lecturer, before an audience of perhaps two hundred men and women, dilated upon Suec's many faults, and rang in, in his monologue, something about Manley and Suec starting together in Zanabazar.

This did not please the emancipated Italian a bit, and he remonstrated openly in extremely vigorous French. The objection nettled the lecturer. He talked back to Suec and then there was a row.

It pleased the audience, who, while they gurgled their hearty "ha-ha-ha" it was an "outpost" to make things interesting in that lugubrious chamber of emanation.

His little pit put him in a miserable mood, and the diaphanous director of Kaiser water and air, the chief of the water works, was a man who had forgotten what it was to die.

Suec's head began to swim, however, without such a result. He was not good as yesterday. The rest of Suec's medical speaking is described in the latest official bulletin:

Weight, 110 lbs; cubic centimeters, 1474; temperature, 98.2; pulse, 60; respiration, 20; dynamometer, 35 kilograms; stomachic, 1.50 cubic centimeters; water drunk during the past 24 hours—water, 21 ounces; ice cream, 8 ounces; total, 29 ounces; urine, 1.50 cubic centimeters; stool, 1.50 ounces; sleep, 1.50 hours; steady.

It was signed by Dr. Henry W. Widman, Ramon Gutierrez, F. H. Ingram, N. W. Lynde, W. L. Baser and H. H. Hagan.

THIS TIME GEN. DISS DEBAR.

Another Demand and a Prospective Suit for Those Spook Pictures.

Property Clerk Harriott, of the Police Department, to-day received a visit from Gen. Diss Debar, husband of the famous spook pictures, who made a demand for thirteen of the forty-one spook pictures which the police seized about two years ago at the residence of Lawyer Arthur B. Hays, 110 Madison avenue.

The pictures